

Mercury.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1853.

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SINGLE-ENDED TAIL IS

THE TWIN CHIEF

A TALE OF THE SABINE.

much better calculated for their pursuit much more durable too, had sufficed. Their friendly visitors brought them the luxuries of their own country, but they also at the same time brought their vice. The chiefs became friendly with the captain, returned his presents a hundredfold, visited his wigwam of the big waters, displayed their own exploits, and saw with wonder the splendours from tent to tent.

The elders of the tribe were appalled at such dreadful tidings, for the prophet, an ingenious man, as all the Indian prophets are, seeing the strong attachment between the brothers, prophesied that their tribulation should never be overcome until the twin chiefs quarrelled. A council was immediately called, and set off to the place where the murder was committed. They found the body, but the murderer was nowhere to be seen; and while some were sent in search of him, others set themselves to decide upon his punishment. They had laws for almost every offence, but they always considered twins as sacred; and for any one to have killed a twin, the most severe punishment they could invent was inflicted. But this was not great enough

In the following year, about the same season, when the sky was beautifully clear and the weather mild, the surface of the lake but gently ruffled by the golden ripple that came dancing from the west, the white sails of the schooner were seen gracefully spread, reflecting from their concave form the red rays of the evening sun, as she approached her former moorings. This strange, thought the captain, as they drew near; very strange. He had been watching for the smoke from their fire, which

There are few families but what resemble at the same time a poem and a machine. Of the poetry of it or the song of the feelings which streams through all parts and unites them together, which wreaths flowers around life's crown of thorns, and clothes "the bare hills of reality" with the greenness of hope—of this every heart knows. But the machinery (without whose well-accompanied movements *l'opera dell'esistenza* is entirely unsupported,) many consider as unimportant and neglect it. And still this part of the plan of domestic life is none the less essential, for its harmonious operation. It is with this machinery as with that of a clock. If the wheels, springs, &c. are in good order, the pendulum never

A HISTORY OF
HRENTON'S NECK, FROM 1639,
WITH INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE
SETTLEMENT OF NEWPORT, AND
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY ELIZABETH C. BRENTON, OF NEWPORT, R. I.

The general Court of Election held at Portsmouth, 1660, the 22d of May, Mr. William Brenton is chosen President of the Rhode Island Colony, Mr. Benedict sold Vice President; and on the 29th of the same month King Charles the Second was restored to the British throne and the 5th of June following had made his entrance into London. The news of this important event, however, did not reach America until the 18th of the next October, while the Court of Commissioners was sitting at Warwick, when papers were brought from Newport, with packages from England, communicating this unexpected information.* William Brenton, President and also Moderator, ordered, that in consequence of His Majesty's restoration to the throne of Great Britain, there should be a day of thanksgiving and public

October 31st, 1666, Wm. Brewster is chosen Governor of the Colony, and also Moderator.

* It is said by tradition, that several small boats

